# The DVD

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# The DVD

by TCbook

Summary

Was your idea, Hannibal.

Notes

Thanks to my lovely beta @hotmolasses

This is now a series! Omega Hannibal on the go!

See the end of the work for more notes

It was a really fresh summer day. Abby was playing around with her plushies, Hannibal was already making lunch and Will was trying to fix the radio that Abby had found it so fun to open and take every screw out of.

The breeze came from the garden with the scent of fresh flowers, a detail that made Hannibal happy every day in his house It mixed with the smell of an incoming heat in few weeks.

The grunt of Will smashing his fist against the table with frustration was the clue for Hannibal to interrupt and give him some snacks.

The blossom of his smile gave purpose to every minute of cooking, slicing and curing the meat.

With a playful but powerful grab Will took his omega by the bow of his apron. He sat Hannibal over his lap and began nipping at his neck, lapping along his bond mark, and sliding his hands over his chest and the curve of his back.

“It's almost delicious as you.” Will breathed the words, biting his earlobe until he felt a shiver pierce Hannibal and he wiggled over the growing bulge in Will's pants.

Abby never came inside the office of the grown ups without knocking on the door and having permission, so a brief moment of lust could be permitted.

Hannibal moved to straddle his alpha, facing him, pinning him to the chair.
Softly he began rolling his hips, teasing Will, playing with fire.

Will kissed him fiercely, sucking his lower lip and licking his tongue, their scents growing stronger as did the volume of their moans.

Hannibal buried his face in the crook of Will's neck to calm down, breathing his scent to soothe and wait until Abby was asleep.

But the moans didn't stop.

Their moans echoed distantly inside the house.

"Oh Will." was a plea repeating faster followed by Will's love noises.

Both looked at each other in panic. It couldn't be.

Almost falling as they tried to untangle their limbs from the chair, they rushed to the TV room and both turned white when they opened the door.

On the big flat screen their bodies collided together in a flushed display of love making.

Hannibal sat over Will in their bed, luckily covering his cock with the sheets crumpled beside them. The angle of the video was amateur enough to not show anything yet… it was the video of one of the most important days of their lives.

Their bonding.

Abby looked quizzically at the TV, not understanding what game her dads were playing.

When Hannibal moved to block the TV with his body, he directly saw the moment when Will sunk his teeth in his neck.

His answering moan was cut by the TV being unplugged by a very embarrassed alpha.

"What's happening Daddy?"

"Oh nothing love, those are adult games... Errr Papa made some sandwiches and lemonade! Want some? We can review your DVD collection later..." Will cooed as his eyes met with the mortified gaze of his mate.

Hannibal was turning another shade of red when Will took the child to the kitchen.

Will was back shortly after, leaning against the door, looking at the ashamed omega who was curled in a nest of couch pillows. He was barefoot and messy smelling of distress, as well as the faint scent of a future heat.

"You knew this could happen." Will whispered, curling behind him.

"Where is she?"

"Napping, she said our game looked boring."

"Oh God, Will!" Hannibal curled into a ball.

"Shush... it was your idea recording our bond." Will said soothing him, leaving kisses in his nape.

"She said something? Asked?"

"No! She's 6, she will... maybe understand what she saw in a couple of years but not now."

Hannibal sighed heavily. He had forgotten about the extra copy of the DVD.

"My perfect handsome omega... we should watch that DVD in our room, or we could make the second part?"

Will said nuzzling his nape, whispering sweet nonsenses to Hannibal.

"You said she was napping?" Hannibal asked, wiggling a little.

Will nodded in his back.

"Oh... Alpha."

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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